

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

*Marcus.* Titus, thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.

*Satur.* Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.

*Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

*Satur.* Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not  
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

*Andronicus*, would thou were shipt to hell,  
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

*Lucius.* Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good  
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

*Titus.* Content thee prince, I will restore to thee  
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

*Bassian.* *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will doe till I die :  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,  
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men  
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

*Titus.* People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,  
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,  
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

*Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,  
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Titus.* Tribunes I thanke you; and this fute I make,  
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,  
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Tytans raies on earth,  
And ripen iustice in this Common weale :  
Then if you will elect by my aduise,  
Crowne him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.

*Marcus.* An. With voyces & applause of euery sort.  
Patricians and Plebeans, we create  
Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

*of Titus Andronicus.*

And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturnine*.

*Saturni.* *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,  
To vs in our election this day,

I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes :

And for an onset Titus to aduance

Thy name, and honorable familie,

*Lavinia* will I make my Empresse,

Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse :

Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.

*Titus.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,

And heere in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,

King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,

My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Romes imperious Lord :

Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

*Satur.* Thanks noble Titus, Father of my life,

How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I doe forget

The least of these vnspeakable deserts,

Romans forget your fealtie to me.

*Titus.* Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,

To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly, and your followers.

*Satur.* A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose a newe :

Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,

Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome.

Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

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Rest